DARK HORSE COMICS
$2.99 U.S.
#25
THE GOON
by
Eric Powell

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

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Zombies provided by Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.
and The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation

The Goon™ #05. June 2008. Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. The Goon™ © 2008 Eric Powell. The Goon™ and all related characters are trademarks of Mr. Powell. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse logo are trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc., registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the figments of the author's warped and overactive imagination, or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living, dead, or undead), primates, events, robots, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is entirely coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA.

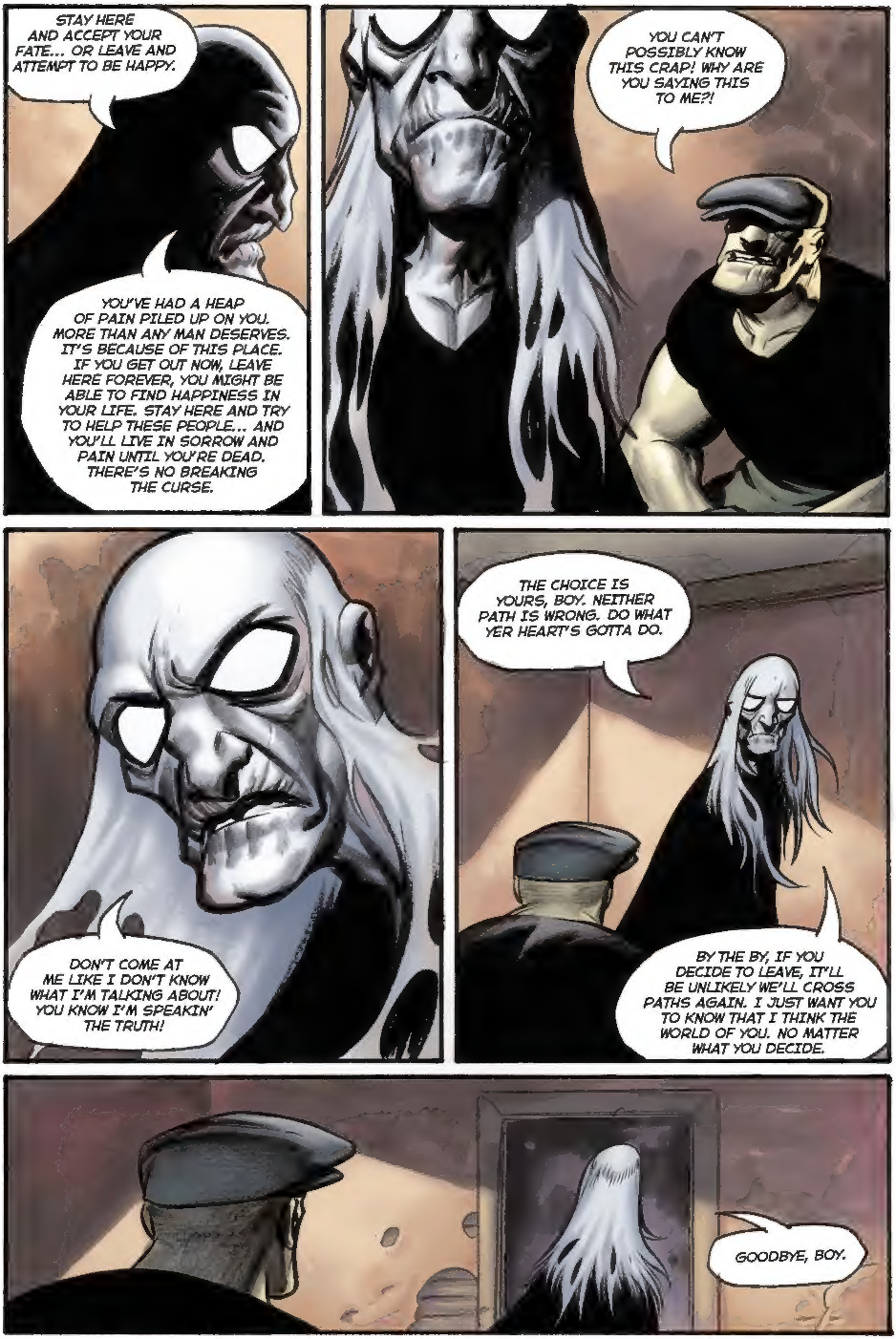
THE WHEELS ARE IN MOTION. TIME TO COME OUT OF HIDING.
LET'S START SQUEEZING THIS PLACE FOR EVERYTHING IT'S WORTH.
JUST TELL US WHERE TO BEGIN.

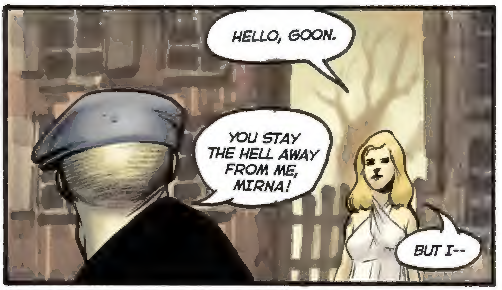
I GUESS I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED TO SEE YOU. YOU ALWAYS SHOW UP AT THE BEST OF TIMES.
YOU NEED TO LISTEN TO WHAT I GOT TO SAY, BOY.
YEAH, WELL, THE LAST TIME I LISTENED TO YOU I MISSED MY CHANCE TO TAKE THE PRIEST DOWN, AND I SUSPECT NORTON'S MOTHER IS DEAD BECAUSE OF IT!
WASN'T NOTHIN' GONNA BE OVER BY KILLIN' THAT PRIEST! DON'T YOU THINK I WOULDA DONE IT IF IT CHANGED A DAMN THING?!
ALL I CAN REMEMBER IS HUNTING THAT MAN. WANTING TO KILL HIM. GET MY REVENGE. BUT THE SITUATION HAS CHANGED. HE AIN'T THE WORST THAT'S COMIN'. HE'S JUST THE FIRST. AND IT WOULD DO US NO GOOD TO KILL HIM WHEN HE MAY BE OUR ACE IN THE HOLE.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHEN I TRIED TO TAKE MY LIFE AND FAILED, I CRAWLED INTO THE EARTH AT THE ROOTS OF A TREE IN HORSE-EATER'S WOODS. I HOPED I WOULD JUST WITHER AWAY AND BE NO MORE. BUT SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENED.
I SOMEHOW SLIPPED INTO A REALM OF SPIRITS, AND I COULD MOVE WITHIN IT. I CAME UPON A DAMNED SOUL THAT GAVE ME INFORMATION ABOUT THE PRIEST, THIS TOWN... AND YOU.
YOU'RE DOOMED, BOY.

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
I DUNNO, WE FOUND IT IN A DRAINAGE DITCH AND SLUNG A ROPE ROUND ITS NECK. IT GOES FLYIN' INTO A FIT WHEN YOU THROW FIRECRACKERS AT IT. WATCH.
SNAP!
WAH-HAA-HAAA!

Norton's PUB
THAT'S CRUEL, KID... HAVE YA TRIED STICKIN' A FIRECRACKER IN ITS EAR YET?
UH, NO.
AMATEUR.
I CAN FIND LABRAZIO. NO MAN CAN ESCAPE MY SIGHT. BUT ONCE WE FIND HIM, WHAT DO WE DO?
WE KILL HIM. SHOOT HIM. FOR WHAT HE DID TO MY MOMMA.
I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THIS MAN IS. I DON'T BELIEVE HE WILL BE THAT EASY TO KILL.
I CAN NOT EVEN LAY A CURSE UPON HIM. THERE IS SOME BARRIER OF POWER PROTECTING HIM. I HAVE NEVER FEARED ANYONE, HUSBAND. I FEAR THIS MAN.
I HAVE TO TRY.
I KNOW.

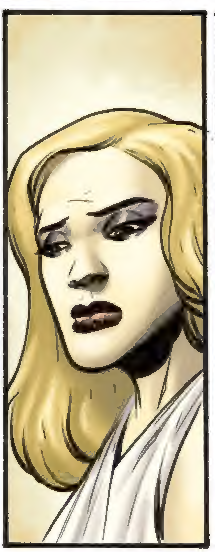
THERE'S A CURSE THAT WAS BORN LONG AGO IN HORSE-EATER'S WOODS. IT'S BEEN LIVIN' AND GROWIN' LIKE SOME KIND OF BLACK TUMOR EVER SINCE. IT PENETRATES EVERYTHING. THIS TOWN ON THE EDGE OF THOSE WOODS HAS SUCCUMBED TO IT AND HAS BEEN FEEDING IT.
ALL DARK THINGS ARE DRAWN HERE. ALL TORTURED SOULS. IT DREW THE PRIEST. IT DREW ME. AND IT DREW YOU. NOTHING GOOD WILL EVER HAPPEN HERE. NO ONE WILL FIND HAPPINESS. NOT IN THIS PLACE. IT FEEDS OFF HURT. IT MULTIPLIES PAIN. IT'S NOTHIN' BUT MISERY.
FEARFUL THINGS ARE HERE AND MORE ARE COMING.
YOU'VE BEEN CORRUPTED, BUT DEEP DOWN YOU'RE A GOOD MAN. THAT TENDER-HEARTED BOY YOUR AUNT RAISED ISN'T DEAD. I SEE IT IN YOU. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE MEANT TO BE HERE. THE BLACKNESS IN YOU DOESN'T GO TO THE ROOTS.
YOU'RE THE ONLY HOPE THIS PLACE HAS. YOU'RE THE ONE MEANT TO FIGHT THIS THING. TO KEEP THIS GATE TO HELL CONTAINED. ALL OF THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN ARE DOOMED WITHOUT YOU.
BUT YOU HAVE A CHOICE TO MAKE.


STAY HERE AND ACCEPT YOUR FATE... OR LEAVE AND ATTEMPT TO BE HAPPY.
YOU'VE HAD A HEAP OF PAIN PILED UP ON YOU. MORE THAN ANY MAN DESERVES. IT'S BECAUSE OF THIS PLACE. IF YOU GET OUT NOW, LEAVE HERE FOREVER, YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND HAPPINESS IN YOUR LIFE. STAY HERE AND TRY TO HELP THESE PEOPLE... AND YOU'LL LIVE IN SORROW AND PAIN UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD. THERE'S NO BREAKING THE CURSE.
YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW THIS CRAP! WHY ARE YOU SAYING THIS TO ME?!
DON'T COME AT ME LIKE I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT! YOU KNOW I'M SPEAKIN' THE TRUTH!
THE CHOICE IS YOURS, BOY. NEITHER PATH IS WRONG. DO WHAT YER HEART'S GOTTA DO.
BY THE BY, IF YOU DECIDE TO LEAVE, IT'LL BE UNLIKELY WE'LL CROSS PATHS AGAIN. I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT I THINK THE WORLD OF YOU. NO MATTER WHAT YOU DECIDE.
GOODBYE, BOY.

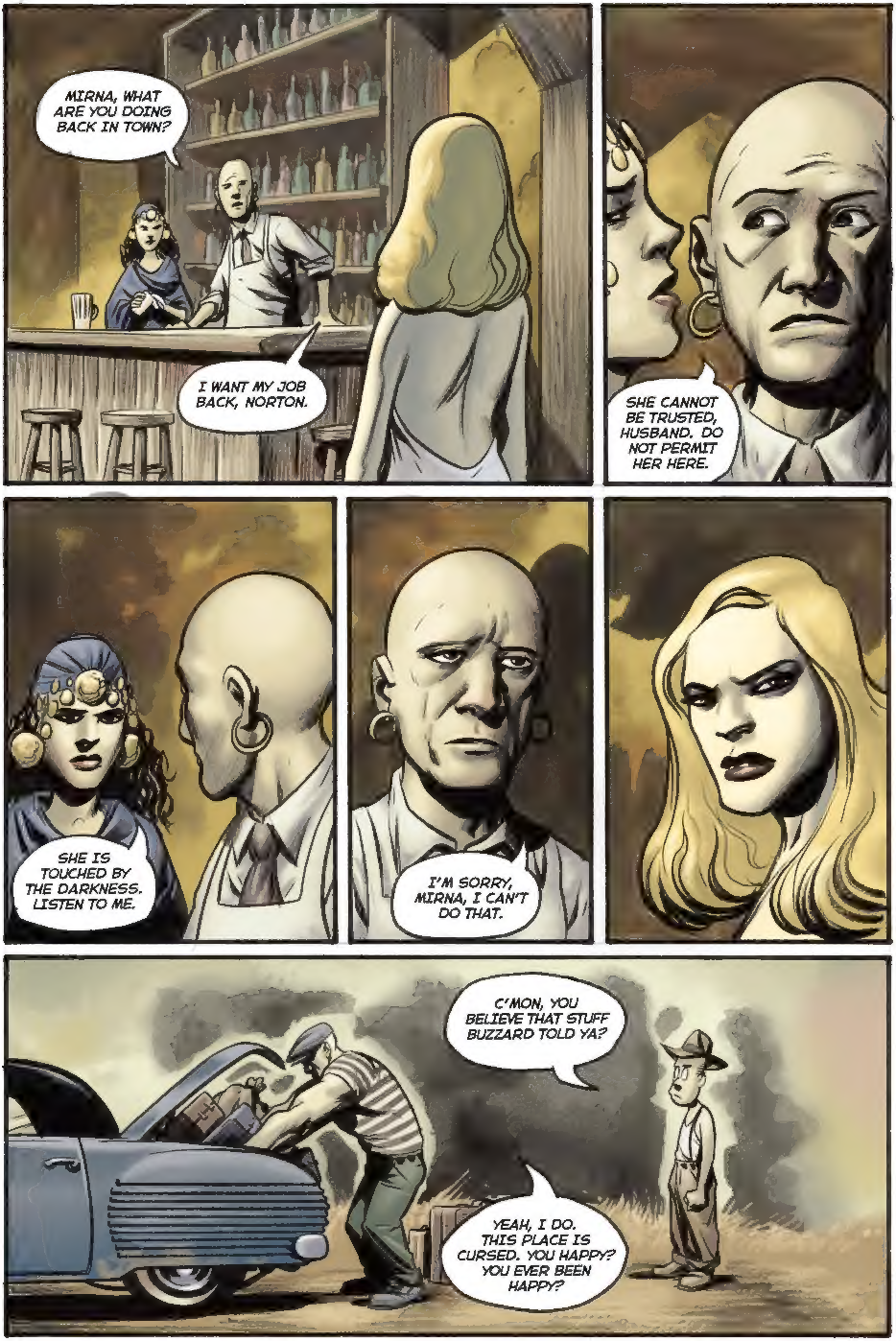

HELLO, GOON.
YOU STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM ME, MIRNA!
BUT I--

PLAYING MR. WICKER YERSELF THIS TIME?! GETTIN' REVENGE FOR YER BROTHER, HUH?!

WHAT?! YOU SAW SKINNY?!
I'M NOT FALLING FOR ANY GAMES! STAY THE HELL AWAY FROM ME OR THE NEXT TIME I SEE YOU YOU'RE DEAD!



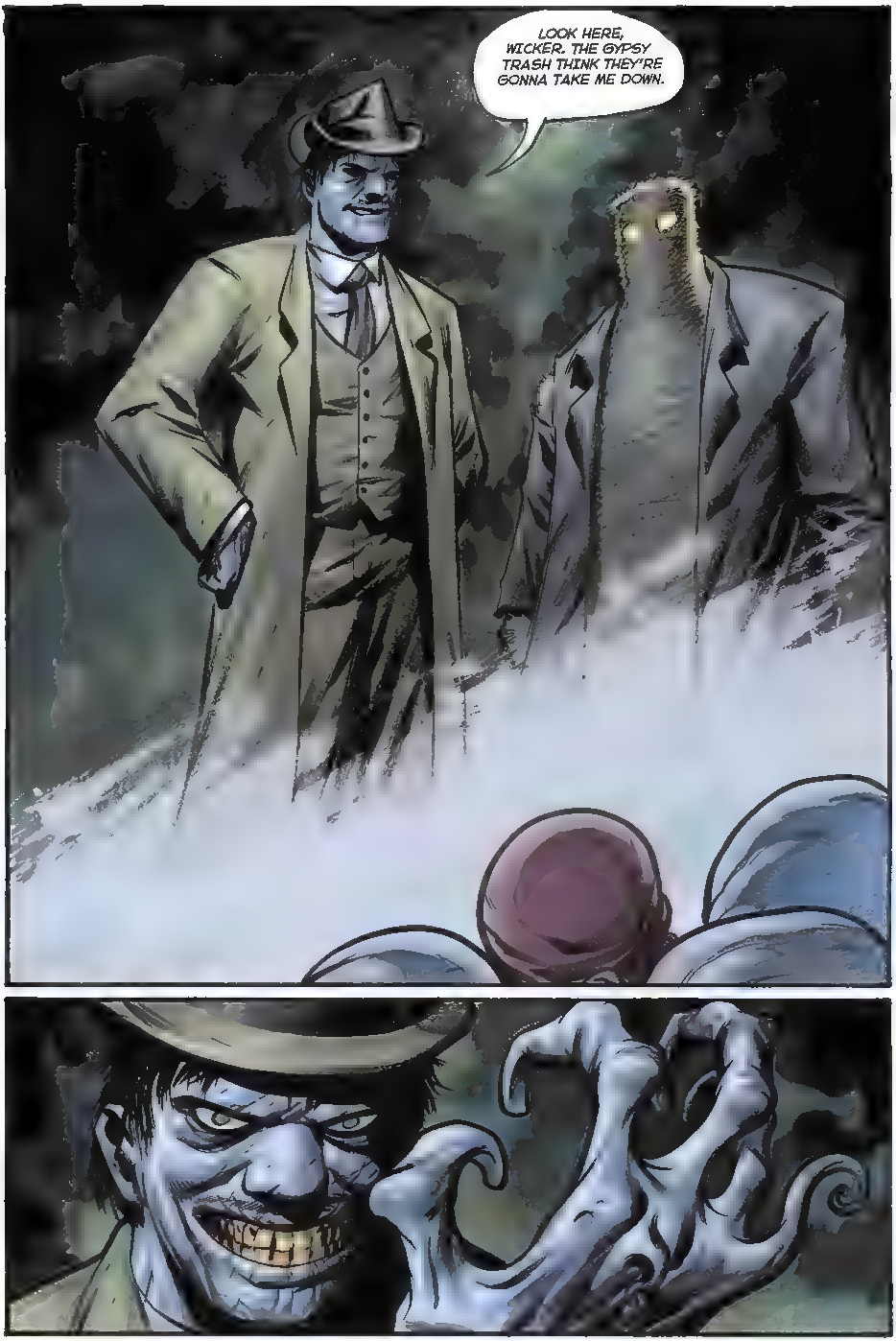
WorKon's
PUB


MIRNA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK IN TOWN?
I WANT MY JOB BACK, NORTON.
SHE CANNOT BE TRUSTED, HUSBAND. DO NOT PERMIT HER HERE.
SHE IS TOUCHED BY THE DARKNESS. LISTEN TO ME.
I'M SORRY, MIRNA, I CAN'T DO THAT.
C'MON, YOU BELIEVE THAT STUFF BUZZARD TOLD YA?
YEAH, I DO. THIS PLACE IS CURSED. YOU HAPPY? YOU EVER BEEN HAPPY?

I BEEN MISERABLE MY WHOLE DAMN LIFE. IF I GOT A CHANCE AT BEING HAPPY, I'M TAKING IT.
I AIN'T NO PHILOSOPHER, BUT FROM MY EXPERIENCE THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' MORE SURE TO MAKE YOU MISERABLE THAN THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.
I'M LEAVING. STAY HERE IF YOU WANT.
HEY, WHERE YOU GO I GO, PAL.
GOON, I NEED YOU TONIGHT. MY WIFE KNOWS WHERE LABRAZIO IS. A WAREHOUSE ON 7TH.
I'M LEAVING, NORTON.
WHAT? WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO BE BACK?

NEVER. I'M LEAVING FOR GOOD.
JUST LIKE THAT? WHAT ABOUT LABRAZIO?!
KILL HIM, AND ANOTHER LABRAZIO OR ZOMBIE PRIEST OR KILLER OR UNDEAD FREAK WILL SHOW UP. IT'S POINTLESS, NORTON. THIS PLACE IS CURSED. LEAVE NOW WHILE YOU CAN.
AND WHAT ABOUT MY MOMMA?! I JUST LET THEM DO THAT TO HER?!
GOODBYE, NORTON.
COWARD!

HEY, WHERE'S THE GOON GOIN'?!
HE AIN'T LEAVIN', IS HE?


LOOK HERE, WICKER. THE GYPSY TRASH THINK THEY'RE GONNA TAKE ME DOWN.

KNOW WHAT...
HAPPINESS IS FOR PUSSIES.

WICKER, I'M BORED. DO SOMETHING AMUSING TO THEM.
CAN I PLEASE RIP HER FACE OFF?
FOR STARTS.

SOMEBODY SHOULD'A TOLD YOU PEOPLE WHEN A BIG MEAN-SPIRITED FELLA WITH A CLEAVER IN HAND FINDS OUT HE AIN'T NEVER GONNA FIND PEACE IN HIS LIFE IT AIN'T A GOOD IDEA TO GO MESSIN' WITH HIS BARTENDER!
FRANKY, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU GOTTA STOP HIM! LABRAZIO IS SOMETHING INHUMAN!
NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! GOON'S GOT A MEAN WANT TO LAY A HURTIN' ON SOMEBODY!
LABRAZIO AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

I REMEMBER YOU. CRYIN' OVER THAT DEAD BROAD LIKE A LITTLE BABY. WHAT A LITTLE SISSY KID YOU WERE.

DO YOU ALSO REMEMBER THAT LITTLE SISSY KID BASHED YER BRAINS IN? WHAT I'M GONNA DO TO YOU NOW AIN'T EVEN GONNA COMPARE!
SMART-ASS PUNK! YOU WANNA SEE WHO YOU'RE MESSING WITH?!
THIS IS A LONG TIME COMING!

KRA-KOW!
THAT FELLA HAPPENS TO BE A FRIEND OF MINE, LABRAZIO.
THE BUZZARD!

WE AIN'T DONE, LABRAZIO! YOU HEAR ME!? I DON'T CARE WHAT WITCHCRAFT HAS BEEN WORKED ON YA! YOU STILL AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A PETTY TWO-BIT HOOD TO ME! THE WAR STARTS NOW, YOU HEAR!
THE WAR STARTS NOW!!

EMPIRE
G8T